



# ***THE GUARDIANS***

Episode 1: The First Day - Part 1

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COLD OPEN

INT. CAVERNS - NIGHT

The sound of rushing footsteps cancels out the echoes of water droplets. The footsteps come to a sudden halt.

The humanoid dragon/elf hybrid, DARGON (white/gray, tall, malnourished, deep voice) catches his breath. He taps his EXTRATERRESTRIAL TECH WRISTBAND (thick, black/blue highlights). It shoots back jolts of BLUE ELECTRICITY.

DARGON  
(painful)  
AHHH!  
(panting)  
Come on, you stupid piece of tech.

Dargon taps the wristband again. He witness it glow sky blue and omits a BLUE HOLOGRAPHIC SCREEN. Dargon looks up to notice the piles of BROKEN EXTRATERRESTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (cracks/fractures, black/gray).

DARGON (CONT'D)  
(panting)  
Where are you? You have got to be  
around here somewhere.

Dargon moves the screen around. He hears nothing but silence. Dargon grunts and winces once more. His body quickly glows aqua-green as his WHITE SCALES on the side of his stomach sheds and his body withers. Dargon collapses to the floor.

DARGON (CONT'D)  
(struggling)  
Hold it together, Omegion. You got  
to hold it together.

SFX: BEEP! BEEP!

Dargon looks at his screen and hears the constant beeping. He struggles to the pile before him. Dargon wearily digs through it. He stops and witness TWO ALPHALIST CRYSTALS (medium-sized, cosmic, glowing, color Gradients).

DARGON (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
At last. At long last.

Dargon holds one of the crystals and struggles to sit up. He closes his eyes and holds the crystal tight. Dargon takes a deep breath as his body glows completely aqua-green.

His DRAGON EYES and his hands become completely white. His scales regenerate and his muscles replenish.

DARGON (CONT'D)  
(echoing)  
YES! YES!

Dargon looks down and notices a HIGH TECH DISC zipping over to him. It glows red and materializes a RED ENERGY CELL over him, forcing him to drop the crystal.

DARGON (CONT'D)  
(frantic)  
AHHH! No! No! No!

Dargon's glowing ceases, returning him back to normal. His body still remains at a healthier form. Dargon looks up to see darkness. He hears barbaric chanting. He feels the ground quake as the chant grows louder.

A WHITE ORB launches into the air. It illuminates the area and reveals TEN ADULT DISORDER MEMBERS (humans, various ethnicities, extraterrestrial/apocalyptic battle suits). They point their OMEGION BLASTERS at Dargon. They close in on him as they laugh and chant louder.

JASPER  
(shouting)  
ENOUGH OF THIS!

Dargon witness the cavern becoming completely silent. He notices the members perform their DISORDER SALUTE and kneel down. Dargon focuses on JASPER THOMPSON (40, white, muscular, tall, intimidating/authoritative voice) walking towards him.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
(proud)  
After all these years, after the  
destruction you leave in your wake,  
what have you been reduced to? A  
pathetic Omegion just waiting for  
the sweet release of death.

Jasper stands before Dargon. She materializes her BLACK TECHNOLOGICAL WHIP from her suit. She has the whip crackle RED ELECTRICITY. She notices Dargon trying to hide his panting. Jasper smiles and touches his cell.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
(proud)  
Fortunately for you, our glorious  
Queen will have the pleasure of  
finishing you off herself.

DARGON

(tired)

And yet, she is not here. What happened to her, Jasper?

Jasper grows furious. She punches the cell with all of her might. Jasper regains her composure and faces Dargon.

JASPER

(stern)

Hear this, Omegion. You will pay for what you did to her. And I'm going to enjoy watching you suffer. Every. Single. Moment.

Jasper signals two Disorder members to grab Dargon's Alphalist Crystal with one hand. She signals the rest to collect as much tech as they can. She expresses a devious smile at Dargon and taps her earpiece.

JASPER (CONT'D)

(to her earpiece)

This is Jasper. Prepare the Teleport Station. We're coming in.

Dargon notices one of them picking up the crystal and quickly dropping it. Dargon sees the member wincing in pain and entering into an argument with his teammate. Dargon grins as he notices WHITE CRACKS growing over the crystal.

DARGON

(tired)

Do you know what is sad, Jasper? You, humans, lose so many because your ignorance and your lack of awareness for your surroundings.

Jasper becomes confused. She immediately notices the Alphalist Crystal completely cracked and glowing brighter.

JASPER

(shocked)

SHIELDS!

SFX: BOOM!

The Alphalist Crystal explodes and unleashes a POWERFUL COSMIC ENERGY WAVE, spreading in every direction. It disintegrates the two closest members in a horrifying manner. Everyone else quickly touches their risks and RED ENERGY SHIELDS form around them. A GRAY NEBULA-LIKE FOG remains, blinding the entire scene.

Dargon witness the energy wave disintegrating his cell. He rushes out and grabs the last Alphalist Crystal within the fog. He notice RED BLASTS zipping towards his direction.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
(furious)  
Do not let him escape! Show no  
fear! Show no weakness!

Dargon notices the members rushing toward him and unleashing a war cry. He uses the fog to his advantage. He uses his silhouette to trick most of them into blasting each other. Dargon tries to deal with his malfunctioning wristband.

DARGON  
(to himself)  
Not now. Not now! Come on!

Jasper's whip wraps around Dargon. She unleashes a surge of red electricity, forcing Dargon to wail in pain.

JASPER  
(demanding)  
Yield Omegion! Now!

The two enters into a tussle. Dargon's skills and quickness versus Jasper's brute force and whip proficiency.

Dargon eventually succumbs to the whip's power and crashes, twitching every few seconds. He closes his eyes as Jasper rushes in for the final blow. Dargon breathes heavily and strikes Jasper, launching her back. He collapses and notices his glitching wristband before his crystal.

DARGON  
(frustrated)  
Curses!

He directs the crystal's COLORFUL COSMIC ENERGY into the wristband with his aqua-green glowing hands. The wristband repairs itself and the glitching blue electricity ceases.

Jasper rushes towards Dargon who touches his wristband. She moves faster as multiple WHITE ENERGY RINGS forms around him.

JASPER  
(screaming)  
NO! NO!

Jasper unleashes her whip once more. Dargon disappears in a beam of white light, allowing the whip to capture the space between the particles. Jasper retracts the whip before kneeling and punching the floor.

HEATHER  
(cautiously)  
Ma'am, what do we do now?

Jasper furiously stare down one of the members, HEATHER MARTINEZ (45, Hispanic, heavy accent, thin, warm voice). She then notices the most of the other members with GROWING RED ENERGY CRACKS growing and waling in pain.

JASPER  
(disappointed)  
Help the wounded and return to the base. We need to regroup.

Heather joins Jasper. She helps a wounded member up. Heather expresses a worried face towards Jasper.

HEATHER  
(nervous)  
Forgive us, Ma'am. The Omegion escaped once again. We couldn't live up to the Queen's example. We must be punished for our failure.

JASPER  
No. The Omegion always prove more resourceful. He threatens the Queen's glorious vision and lowers our member count. No more.

HEATHER  
(fearful)  
Ma'am? What are you saying?

They touch their risk and RED ENERGY RINGS form around them.

JASPER  
(echoing)  
I'm saying it's finally time resume the process. We obtain new recruits and redeem ourselves.

They vanish in a beam of red light.

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

INT. MARCEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MARCEL OKONMA (14, African American, slim, timid voice, slight accent) enters his room and sits on his bed. He stares at the clock and expresses a worried face.

IT READS: 5:30 A.M.

Marcel frantically taps his fingers. He pauses at a POSTER of his hero, ARACHNOID (17, African American, slim, heroic, spider-humanoid mutant) battling his arch nemesis THE BLAZING GREMLIN (56, white, hulking, menacing, flaming goblin).

MARCEL

Hmmm. Okay. Okay. I got this.

Marcel puts on his BLACK EARBUDS. He selects the ARACHNOID: ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK PLAYLIST on his phone. Marcel takes a deep breath. He stands menacingly.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

(as the Blazing Gremlin)

Poor little Arachnoid. We could've taken the world together.

(beat)

But you had to throw it right back at my face, didn't you?

Marcel paces back and forth. He pretends to take blows and crumble to the floor. He stands before his bed, furiously.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

(as the Blazing Gremlin)

And now, you've chosen them?!

(beat)

Their deaths would have been a quick one, but now, they'll suffer slowly. Same. As. You!

Marcel struggles. He pushes forward and enters into a fight with his imaginary opponent. Back and forth he goes. Marcel settles to the floor and cowers away while shaking his fists.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

(as the Blazing Gremlin)

You will rue this day, Arachnoid!

Next time, victory will be mine!

Marcel stands up and poses heroically. He quietly cheers himself on. Marcel waves his hand to the walls.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
(as the audience)  
Arachnoid! We love you, Arachnoid!

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
(as Arachnoid)  
No praises, please. Action is my-

Marcel looks at the door to see his god-brother, RASHAD JACKSON (22, Black American, tall, straightforward tone), recording him with his phone. Marcel begins to blush.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
(startled)  
W-what are you, doing?

RASHAD  
(giggling)  
Oh. You know, just studying the weird world of my god-brother, that's all. Oh, wait til my girl sees this. She's going to lose it!

MARCEL  
Ah! D-delete it! Please!

RASHAD  
Nah, Mr. Superhero. Still, good to see you return to boring reality. Besides, why are you here anyway? Thought you caught the bus already?

MARCEL  
What are you talking about? It's just fifteen minutes until six.

Rashad shows Marcel the time on his BLACK PHONE

IT READS: 6:45 A.M.

Marcel quickly looks back at his alarm clock.

RASHAD  
Really?! Come on, man. I thought you reset your alarm clock.

MARCEL  
(nervous)  
No, no, no! I'm going to be late!

RASHAD  
Calm down, man. Calm down. Just go ask Nana for a ride to school.



MARCEL  
(frightened)  
W-what?

Marcel looks past his room and at a BUTTERFLY POSTER DECORATED DOOR on the other side. He gulps.

RASHAD  
Scared, little man?

MARCEL  
What? N-no. No. I'm not. B-but why don't you do it? She'll get angry with me if I ask her.

Rashad points to his DIRTY CLOTHES and his RUN-DOWN BACKPACK. He harshly gestures to the decorated door.

RASHAD  
(annoyed)  
I just finished a night at a Fedazon warehouse. I'm tired. I don't need her forcing me to drive the two of you because she's furious. So, man up and ask her!

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marcel slowly marches towards the door. He pauses and quickly faces Rashad who shakes his head in disappointment.

MARCEL  
(quietly)  
S-she's asleep. S-she's going to her doctor's appointment later on. W-why interrupt her rest, right?

Marcel turns around and witness the door open. He cautiously stands in front of his god-mother, MS. SHANICE JACKSON (60, Black American, fat, stern and authoritative voice). Marcel notices her scowl and hears Rashad's aggravated sigh.

INT. MS. SHANICE'S JEEP - LATER

Rashad drives Ms. Shanice's BLACK JEEP with Ms. Shanice in the passenger seat and Marcel in the back. He notices Marcel scooting up towards Ms. Shanice's seat.

MARCEL  
(cautiously)  
Ma'am--

Rashad notices Marcel recoiling back after Ms. Shanice puts her hand up. He decides to turn on the RADIO. He flickers through a couple of channels before landing on one.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
(sympathetic)  
Ma'am, please stay calm. I promise.  
Everything will be okay.

LADY (V.O.)  
(crying)  
I will not! It's been over a week  
and nothing has been done to find  
my brother! Nothing at all!

RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
(sympathetic)  
Ma'am, take a deep breath. I'm sur  
the police is handling the sit-

LADY (V.O.)  
No, they aren't! I have friends  
who's been telling me that this has  
been happening all over Fairton  
City, and nothing is being done  
about this! The police aren't  
searching for them! The news  
outlets aren't reporting this! I'm  
worried like crazy! Where is he?!

MS. SHANICE  
Turn it off, Rashad.

Rashad turns the radio off. He notices Ms. Shanice staring out of the window. After a moment, Rashad shares a grin.

RASHAD  
I'll tell you what that was. It's  
the government finally being bold  
about kidnapping people.

Ms. Shanice expresses a small smile. She lightly chuckles.

MS. SHANICE  
(light chuckling)  
Oh, boy. Not this again, Rashad.  
You and your conspiracies.

RASHAD  
Call me crazy all you want. I'm  
speakin the truth. They've been  
primin us for years. Our food, our  
water, even our medicine. They're  
finally ready to strike.

MS. SHANICE

Rashad. I've lived for sixty years  
and none of your predictions have  
come to pass. No UFO's in the sky,  
no mutants integrating into the  
world, and don't start the gull--

RASHAD

(talking over)

The guillotine? Ha! Where do I even  
begin with that whole spew.

Marcel receives his earbuds from his backpack. He resumes  
playing his Arachnoid soundtrack playlist. He notices  
something small falling out of his bag. He picks it up.

INSERT - PHOTO

A six-year-old Marcel surrounded by his father, MR. XAVIER  
OKONMA (50, African, tall, stern and fatherly tone), and his  
mother, MRS. DESTINY OKONMA (50, African, albino, motherly  
tone). They all pose for a happy family photo.

BACK TO SCENE

Marcel looks up. He notices Rashad and Ms. Shanice happily  
argue with each other. He returns to the photo and grows sad.

RASHAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're here.

Marcel looks up. He sees the front of FAIRTON HIGH SCHOOL  
(large, brick building, white, wolf mascot, toilet-paper  
covered). Marcel notices Rashad tapping his knee.

RASHAD (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Yo, the toilet tissue tradition!  
That was yesterday?! Why didn't you  
tell me?! I have senior friends  
here. We would've sneaked you in.

Marcel remains silent. He avoids eye contact. He does notices  
Ms. Shanice's frustrated face. Marcel looks to the floor.

MS. SHANICE

Marcel! We've been over this! Just  
ask us for help, okay? Is that  
really hard for you to understand?!

MARCEL

N-no, Ma'am. I'm sorry.

Marcel grabs his backpack and exits the jeep.

EXT. FAIRTON HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Marcel faces both Ms. Shanice and Rashad.

MS. SHANICE

You still remember where your  
classes are or do we need to help?

MARCEL

N-no. I-I still remember. Thank  
you, Ma'am. See you this afternoon.

MS. SHANICE

You're welcome. Love y--

Marcel shuts the door. Marcel's eyes quickly grows with fear.  
He watches them drive away before he can say anything else.  
Marcel stares at his family photo and takes a deep breath.

MARCEL

Alright. My first day of high  
school. Can't be that bad, right?

INT. LITERATURE CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SFX: BELL RING

Marcel rushes into the classroom. He catches his breath and  
views the place. Marcel becomes confused.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Cringey yet creative writing posters scattered everywhere.
- Three large sofas, three bean bags, and five rows of desks.
- Ten students in groups scattered across the classroom.

END SERIES OF SHOT

Marcel notices his semi-bald English teacher, MR. ADAMS OLSON  
(36, white, enthusiastic tone) chatting on his phone. Marcel  
walks towards him and notice his pink pants and a small gut.

MR. OLSON

(worried)

What do you mean, he hasn't come  
back home? Hold on, sweetie.

(excited)

Hey! You must be Marcel  
Ok...Okca....Ocra...

MARCEL

I-it's Okomna, Marcel Okonma. N-  
Nice to meet you, Mr. Olson.

Marcel shakes Mr. Olson's hand. Marcel winces in pain. He gets a SYLLABUS and a COURSE SCHEDULE from Mr. Olson.

MR. OLSON

You're lucky. I'm not counting attendance today since it's the first day and half of the class isn't here right now.

Mr. Olson points to the activated SMARTBOARD

MR. OLSON (CONT'D)

We're working on a fun group assignment right now. You'll find your group, the leader title, and your seating on the smartboard.

Marcel searches for his name. He becomes shocked when he notices his group seating and his name next to the leadership title. He opens his mouth but immediately recoils.

MARCEL

Ummmm. O-okay then, Mr. Olson.

Marcel walks towards the back of the classroom as Mr. Olson quickly returns to his phone. Marcel pauses in front of his two classmates who are occupied with their own things.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

H-hey. I'm the team leader? Marcel.

SOPHIE ANDERSON (14, white, chubby, brunette, smart, formal tone) stops writing in her notebook and looks up to Marcel.

SOPHIE

Hey. Sophie.  
(to Peyton)  
Peyton? Peyton!

PEYTON VARMA (15, Indian American, thin, cocky, sarcastic, slight accent) continues to watch a wrestling match on her phone. She finally notices Marcel after a nudge from Sophie.

PEYTON

(to Marcel)  
Oh. Yeah. Name's Peyton.

Marcel sits next to Sophie. He expresses a concerned look and bounces his right knee as the moment of silence grows. Marcel lands on Peyton who tries to ignore his extensive gaze.

MARCEL

So...

(nervous)

What is the assignment anyway?

Sophie shows Marcel her notebook. She points to the title.

IT READS: PLANNED SUMMARY FOR SHORT STORIES

Marcel then reads her listed idea.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM AND THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF SCIENCES

Marcel looks at her with confusion.

PEYTON

I'm right there with you after  
reading that bland title.

SOPHIE

Okay, I'm not good at coming up  
with titles, but I'm good at  
finding better solutions. This way,  
we'll have the info at the ready. I  
am a big fan of her work after all.

MARCEL

O-okay. Peyton?

PEYTON

Hey. As long as I don't have to  
present, I'll leave it to the two  
geniuses. Besides, maybe our  
glorious Kingpin has something.

MARCEL

(confused)

K-kingpin?

PEYTON

Yeah. Kingpin? Our leader?

MARCEL

M-me?

(beat)

I don't know. I mean, I do have  
some old stuff that may help.

SOPHIE

Bring them up. It could be useful.

MARCEL

I rather not. I-it's too  
embarrassing of a story.

SOPHIE  
Come on. It can't be that bad.

Marcel pauses. He brings out his ARACHNOID COVERED NOTEBOOK from his backpack. Marcel opens to a page containing ARACHNOID CHILD-LIKE DRAWINGS AND FANFIC STORIES.

MARCEL  
(excited)  
By day, regular, loveable teen:  
Zion Woods. By night, humanoid  
spider mutant hero: Arachnoid. He  
saves the city while hiding his  
secret identity and learning more  
about his past with his arch  
nemesis: The Blazing Gremlin-

PEYTON  
(laughing)  
Okay, okay. I can't take it  
anymore. Man, that's too funny.

Marcel notices Peyton breaking into laughter. He also catches Sophie trying to hide a small chuckle. Marcel blushes.

SOPHIE  
It's...decent, but my idea will  
fair better. It'll be easier for us  
to tackle, and it's more factual.

MARCEL  
B-but I know stuff about Arachnoid.  
It wouldn't be that challenging.

SOPHIE  
(sincere)  
Marcel, the fantasy is nice, but it  
would be better to impress the  
others with wonders that are  
actually in the world. Not on TV.

Marcel attempts to say something. He decides to stay silent.

SFX: RING

Mr. Olson turns off his phone's timer and faces the class.

MR. OLSON  
(to the phone)  
Don't worry. Wait for him. If he  
doesn't show, we'll search for him  
when I get back. Love you, sweetie.  
(to the classroom)  
A-alright. Who wants to go first?

Marcel notices Peyton trying to keep Sophie from raising her hand. He sees Mr. Olson looking in their direction.

MR. OLSON (CONT'D)  
(enthusiastic)  
Marcel's team. I see that hand. You  
guys are up first. Come on.

Marcel follows an annoyed Peyton and an excited Sophie to the front. He faces the class. Marcel notices a moment of silence before he feels Peyton bumping her elbow into him.

MARCEL  
O-okay. The ideas we came up are-

Marcel pauses. He glances in every other direction while his body shakes. Marcel feels Sophie's arm on her shoulder as she steps forward. Marcel grows depressed.

SOPHIE  
What he was about to say was that  
our ideas deal with the famous  
Professor Graham and her  
discoveries over the years.

Marcel witnesses everyone engages with Sophie through applause and questions. Marcel notices Peyton sighing in relief. He stares at the ground as Sophie continues.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - AFTERNOON

Marcel enters the bus. He notices the BUS DRIVER (50, black, short, anxious, focus) gripping the steering wheel very tight. Marcel finds an empty seat. He pulls out his notebook.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
(frustrated)  
It was a good idea. I...I know it  
would have been.

Marcel opens it and lands on a page housing his family photo. Marcel hold the photo. He grows sad.

MARCEL (V.O.)  
(depressed)  
I'm sorry, Mama. I'm sorry, Dad.  
(beat)  
I wish I wasn't such a coward.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)  
(excited)  
Marcel?! Is that you, bro?!



Marcel looks up and notices CHRISTIAN GUTIERREZ (14, Mexican American, slight accent, fat, energetic tone) walking towards him with a giant smile. Marcel frantically put his photo and his notebook back into his backpack.

MARCEL  
(surprised)  
Christian! Hey!

Marcel offers Christian a seat next to him. He performs their SECRET HANDSHAKE with Christian. Marcel embraces him with a hug as he notices the bus progressing.

CHRISTIAN  
(excited)  
Dude! I have so mush to tell you about my trip to Mexico. The ride there was such a hassle. You know what it's like to have your knees cramped up for an entire day?!

Christian pulls out his phone. He shows Marcel the screen.

INSERT PHOTO

Christian, his father, FRANCISCO GUTIERREZ (45, Mexican, fat, black beard), and his RELATIVES (various ages, various body types, various heights) posing for a family photo.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(excited)  
Things lighten up when we made it there, except for when I was playing soccer with my cousins. Ugh. They made it up with a big cookout before we had to leave though! I just wish Mom could...  
(beat)  
I don't know. Maybe Dad will let me see her next time. I just wish...

Christian pauses. He finally notices Marcel's frown growing.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
Marcel? Hey. What's wrong, man?

Christian witness Marcel sighing deeply. He develops a small smile after he see the bus driver.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(happy)  
Hey. You know who the bus driver  
reminds me of? Mr. Deets!

Marcel gives Christian a confused look.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(happy)  
You know, Mr. Deets? One of the  
meanest bus drivers you'll ever  
meet, then last year...

Christian fixes his posture and pretends to be driving a bus  
while tipping his imaginary hat. He notices Marcel's smile.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(goofy)  
Hey kids! Want to get some  
McDenkeys? Sounds like fun.

Marcel expresses a small chuckle. He notices the bus driver  
throwing a SMALL MECHANICAL BALL to the floor. He witnesses  
it unleashing a THICK WHITE FOG which covers the entire bus.

MARCEL  
(coughing)  
Christian?!

Marcel and Christian coughs uncontrollably. They look around  
to notice the white fog covering the other students.

CHRISTIAN  
(coughing)  
What's going on?!

Marcel falls to his knees with Christian as the bus comes to  
a halt. Marcel notices an unconscious Christian before  
looking at Heather and the bus driver wearing BLACK, HIGH  
TECH GAS MASK. Marcel's eyes become heavy.

BUS DRIVER  
(distorted)  
I'm sorry. I truly am.

Marcel collapses to the floor and slowly closes his eyes.

**END ACT ONE**